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## THE VISITATION OF RICHES.

A VERY alarming consideration has lately been presented to the people of England, who once dreamt not of ever suffering from such a cause—namely, that they are getting too rich. The true source of the manifold evils of our state is at length discovered to be, that we have far too much money. Individuals have too much money, and are greatly the worse of it. The community, as a community, has too much money, and daily suffers unheard-of misery in consequence. It is a terrible business. Charles Lamb, when reminded by his sister of the days when they were poor, and capable of enjoying every little treat with the keenest relish, so different from these days when they were rich, stately, and dull, said, 'Well, Bridget, since we are in easy circumstances, we must just endeavour to put up with it.' But, I fear, no such maxims of resignation will now avail in either the particular or the general case. It is not ennuï which has come with affluence—no; somehow, this abundance of capital is now found to be attended with a vast amount of positive mischief. Political writers declaim day by day on the dismal effects of wealth upon the poor, and professors of light literature find themselves weighed down with a sense of the turpitude of all rich men. Men are compelled to work, because there is money to be had for it—a thing heretofore unheard of in this world. Every man that has anything, necessarily becomes depraved in himself, and a tyrant over others. And, unfortunately, so prevalent has wealth become, that if you would seek for any vestige of the virtues in England, you have to look for it in persons who used to be thought almost too humble and obscure for notice long ago; such as ultra-ragged street-porters, and that selection of the rural population who take to poaching. In short, England, once the envy of surrounding nations on political grounds, is rapidly becoming an object fit only for their pity and contempt through the efficacy of this disease of wealth. Powerful remedies are required, and if such be not speedily applied, it is to be feared that all will soon go to wreck, and the sun of British glory, as the newspapers have it, set forever.

In these terrible circumstances, it becomes all who wish well to their country to exert themselves to the utmost in its behalf. So feeling, I am anxious here to set down a few observations upon the subject, which I think may just possibly be found of some service. I am a plain man, who always go straight to the point when I can; and it therefore occurs to me, as the first expedient, to set forth to my countrymen a strong warning on the sin and danger of getting rich. They must for the future avoid this error, if they would see their country rescued from impending ruin, or themselves saved from being altogether demoralised. It might

form a strong inducement to them to abstain from money-making, if they would only consider that, so long as they remain poor, and of no account in the world, they will be held poetically entitled to possess every excellence; whereas, if they add to their store of goods, they are sure to become cold-blooded, heartless wretches, fit for nothing but to be impaled in the anatomical museum of modern fiction. Indeed, were things properly understood, we should be seeing the comfortable millionaires of the city—going about, I was going to say, like the characters in the play of the Bottle Imp, endeavouring to get others to take upon them the burden of their wealth; but this, I now reflect, were a vain endeavour, seeing that no one could, in such circumstances, be induced to relieve them of the load—trying, then, to destroy this wealth so effectually, that it should be hurtful to no other men. We should see nobles and country gentlemen surrendering their possessions to be employed as commons, and well-beneficed clergymen returning to a state of apostolical simplicity. Such a thing as a rich old bachelor uncle should not be known upon earth: all they have should, with full consent of nephews and nieces, be thrown into the sea. In short, there should be a universal retrogression to that beautiful and happy state in which our painted forefathers were about two thousand years ago. This is taking a somewhat strong view, and perhaps, constituted as the public mind now is, it cannot be hoped that any but those who are in the last extreme of poverty already will go so far. We must take men as we find them, and be content to get them along with us on a right course as far as they will go. I can see nothing, however, to prevent us from putting a stop to the further acquisition of wealth, seeing that all are agreed that depravity is the certain fate of those who have much more than themselves. Everybody will naturally see it to be right that he should stop short in that career in which he finds all who have got before himself to be marked by the most detestable qualities that belong to human nature.

It is an awkward thing to ask of an Englishman; but yet, let it be ever so awkward, I must ask it, for it is indispensable. Henceforth let them pause at every thing which appears before them in the form of an 'opening.' An Englishman naturally likes an opening. It is his grand temptation. But let him look through the opening, and see what is beyond. He will there behold a number of persons who, having gone into it, are now affluent, but at the same time extremely bad. Perhaps they are 'guardians,' who of course grind the poor; perhaps justices, who condemn vagrants possessed of more honourable feelings than themselves; perhaps patrons of charities, who are necessarily mere bags of the wind of vanity, using the objects of their beneficence only as instruments for promoting their own

honour and glory, and not possessing a single particle of the true spirit of good deeds. Think how dreadful it would be to rise into such conditions as these—think, pause; remain content where you are. You could take the state, and resist its temptations! Ay, so all think before they enter on the fatal road; but yet they invariably become the hardened selfish vain wretches which you see; and how can you suppose that it is to be otherwise with you? No, no, my friends. Lay no such flatteringunction to your souls. Depend upon it, the moment you step beyond the state of immaculate indigence in which kind Providence has placed you, you become changed men. Every trace of goodness forsakes you, and you stand, in the eyes of contemporary moralists, as only so much dross.

So much for private measures; but surely, if the evils in question be so clear, we may expect ere long to see them brought under the sage notice of parliament. This body has always shown a remarkable anxiety to take away the peccant matter of the disease, and undoubtedly it would exert itself to greater purpose than ever for the depletion of the nation's system, if necessary. A country, indeed, with such a government as ours, ought never to be at any loss, one would say, for phlebotomy, and I therefore believe that the petitions required to bring the attention of parliament to this point, would be much fewer than is customary. Having once heard the national will upon the subject, the senate would doubtless quickly pass an act enforcing voluntary impoverishment all over the empire; another for preventing any man from making more than what he can fairly consume in meat and drink day by day. All just and proper quarrels with bread and butter, such as strikes, short work, and the laying aside of female labour, would at the same time be legislatively encouraged to the uttermost, and, in short, everything done to maintain the righteous cause of poverty against all contrary influences and tendencies. The first effect would undoubtedly be to reduce the population of the country to something like what it was in the days of King Vortigern; but what of that? A short though sharp evil would be well worth encountering, where the ultimate results were of so promising a kind. A fair start in a new national career, free from the accursed presence of gold, would be worth purchasing at any expense. Only let us take care, both as individuals and as a nation, never to grow rich any more.

But can we expect that the people are to call upon the legislature for any such measures? There is the point. With a few popular authors at the head of the movement, setting an example by consenting to abjure all profits from their works beyond what might have sustained an ancient Spartan, I would not despair. Are my suggestions pronounced impracticable, and are we still to see the ideas, Englishman and wealth, in unholy conjunction; are the Croesus of the Exchange and the factories still to be ogres of our maturer childhood; and must we never hope to see the days of primeval simplicity restored? Be it so. If the evil must be, let us endeavour, in the spirit of Charles Lamb, to put up with it; the more so that we are not without something to compensate it on the other side. For it is a beautiful feature of our present condition, that, just as there is an extreme of society who are corrupted by wealth, so is there another which derives the highest lustre from poverty. Not the poverty which our fathers used to speak of as respectable; namely, that of honest men toiling for their daily bread, and eating it in independence, but the poverty which is attended by a practical contempt for such mean virtues as prudence, and is at constant war with the detestable house of Have. Seeing things thus balanced, we may yet hope that England will at least be able to rub on for a few more generations. She will have many sons who, spite of everything, will continue to make money, and contrive to abide by its lamentable consequences; she will see these men withholding the least share of their abundance from workhouses, hospitals, and other modes of

succouring the poor, in practice among less wealth-corrupted nations. Her Bowleys, her Cuties, and her Filers, will be base, besotted wretches, disgracing her name. But then she will have a great fund of excellence among those classes who, in other countries, are usually held as vile, and the honour of the British name, which once lay in her high-spirited gentlemen and her honourable burghers, will be upheld by her mendicants and malefactors.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

##### MORPHOLOGY.

ONE of the most curious doctrines connected with vegetable life, is that which affirms that all the parts of a plant—stem, branches, flower, fruit, and seed—are but various modifications of one common organ; namely, the leaf. This view was first broached by Linnaeus, improved upon by Wolff, and subsequently expounded by the German poet Goethe. It is to the latter that we are mainly indebted for the exposition of the doctrine: he it was that clothed it with a poetic mystery, and sung in glowing language the series of developments which take place between the germination of the seed and the ripening of the fruit. His reasoning proceeds upon the basis, that if one organ can be transformed into another, there is an identity in their origin and nature. If, for example, leaves are sometimes converted into bracts, bracts into a calyx, and the calyx into a corolla, then it is almost self-evident that the corolla, calyx, and bracts, have the same origin as the leaves. Let us glance at the facts by which this doctrine is sought to be established.

Varied as are the forms and properties of plants, the plan upon which their development proceeds is simple in the extreme. Growth is but a modification of one kind of tissue, and one kind of external organ. Every plant in the embryo or seed state consists of minute spherical cells possessing vitality—these constitute its elementary tissue. If the seed be planted under favourable conditions of soil, heat, and moisture, the cells will be excited to growth; that is, they will give birth to new cells, these again to other cells, and so on, till the principle of vitality be exhausted. In this process the cells develop themselves variously—some by their elongation giving rise to woody fibre, some by the manner of their arrangement to spiral vessels, and others merely to cells like themselves—thus forming the different vessels, fibres, &c. of which the substance of the plant is composed, and through which its sap is conveyed and disseminated. So far as the mere elementary tissue is concerned, there might or might not have been any external organs; that is, parts assuming a definite form, and having a definite function assigned them; and such is the case with many of the lower fungi and lichens, which are mere irregular aggregations of spherical cells. In the higher orders of vegetation—and it is of these that we are now speaking—nature has decreed otherwise. A plant must respire, must receive nourishment from the air as well as from the soil, and must accordingly have a structure fitted to perform these functions. At the dawn of its development, therefore, the elementary tissue expands into a certain form or structure, which we regard as primary. This form we designate a *leaf*: it is that which first presents itself on the germination of a seed: it is the first effort of the elementary tissue; and all subsequent efforts are but special modifications of the original. Such is the simple plan upon which vegetable development takes place. The whole substance of a plant is modified cellular tissue; all its external organs of branch, flower, and fruit, but modifications of one organ—the leaf. Indeed the growth of all living matter, whether vegetable or animal, is based upon cellular development; and we find also in the higher animals that their various external organs are but metamorphosed forms of one common type. Take, for example, the fore-leg or arm of the vertebrates, assuming that of man as the type, and observe how differently it is formed in the monkey, the bear, the horse, the cow, the bat, and the wing of the pigeon. The

skeleton of the pigeon's wing and the leg of the bear are nevertheless formed upon the same plan as the arm of man, each being but modifications of the same organ, according to the destined habits of the animal. Skilful anatomists can detect the corresponding bones in each, can say where development is directed from the normal type, can tell what parts are atrophied, and what peculiarly expanded. So it is with the botanist; he can detect the leaf-type in all the members of a plant, be these spines, bracts, petals, stamens, or pistils.

The first protrusion of the seed-germ is leaf-like; subsequently true leaves are developed; and the elementary tissue, in its effort to produce a succession of these, forms the stem. The branches of the stem take their origin from leaf-buds, and these again are clothed with branchlets and leaves by the same process as the main stem. As a branch proceeds towards the point of fructification, the leaves assume the form of bracts; these again are succeeded by the leaf-like sepals of the calyx; and next by the petals of the corolla or blossom. Within the petals are the stamens, which sometimes assume a leafy form; next the pistil, which is often leafy; and ultimately the seed-vessels, which almost always bear internal evidence of their being composed of peculiarly altered leaves. Even the seeds are but leaves in another form, embalmed and preserved for the production of another plant; and in many, such as the beech-mast, the leaflets of the embryo may be distinctly seen, folded and imbedded in their future nutriment.

\* Here root, and leaf, and bud, enfolded lie  
Enshrinéd within their husky tenement  
(Incipient foretypes of the coming plant)  
In silent life, half-formed and colourless;  
But soon again, replete with earth-given moisture,  
The leaf expands above surrounding night,  
And breathes the incense of the open day.'

Thus the growth and reproduction of plants may be regarded as a circle of leaf-like changes, the leaf, or some modification of it, being in all cases the organ which administers to the functions of vitality. The great object of a plant's life is to preserve, during all the phases of its growth, a leaf, or an assemblage of leaves, for the purpose of reproduction. A growing branch terminates in a leaf-bud; that is, in a number of embryo leaves folded over the vital point, and carefully covered with scales or gummy matter, to protect them from the inclemency of the winter: a branch in which development is exhausted terminates in flower and seed. And mark how beautifully the latter is produced! The branch that had hitherto luxuriantly given birth to leaves, suddenly ceases to prolong itself; the leaves are developed more closely to each other; and gradually they lose the form of true leaves, and become bracts; the bracts are succeeded by the little leaf-like sepals of the calyx, which are set together still more closely, and in a circular form; the leafy petals of the corolla succeed, and are followed by the stamens and pistil, all of which circle inwards to a common centre, that centre being the ovary and seed. The seed is the ultimate effort in this case, just as the leaf-bud was in the other, and is merely a leaf, or couple of leaves curiously folded, imbedded in proper nutriment, and protected by a husk, a nut, a stony drupe, or some other covering, as safely and tenderly as a mother would her infant. The leaf-bud and seed differ only in the latter being a more concentrated form of vitality. The bud can only exist in connexion with a living plant; the seed, when matured, will endure for centuries. In the leaf-bud, the energies of the plant are more directed to the increase of the individual; in the seed they are directed towards the propagation of the species.

We have further proof of the truth of morphology in the fact, that all the organs—leaves, sepals, petals, stamens, &c.—are often found assuming the forms and functions of one another. Thus in some roses the bracts are exactly similar to the leaves, while in the tulip they frequently partake both of the colour and texture of the sepals, as well as of the texture of the leaf. Again, that there is no essential difference between the sepals of the calyx and the petals of the corolla, is evident from the

sepals being frequently coloured, and forming the most beautiful portion of the blossom. In the monkshood, the blue part which forms the flower is botanically the calyx, the petals being entirely concealed under the hood. In the fuchsia, the bright scarlet part is the calyx, and the small purple petals within, the corolla; while in the tulip and crocus the sepals and petals are all coloured alike, so that it would be impossible to distinguish one from the other, did not the sepals grow a little lower on the stem. In some plants the petals and sepals are identical in colour, texture, and odour; and when the perianth is single, these parts seem to be combined. In like manner there is no physiological difference between the petals and leaves. Both have framework of veins, the interstices of which are filled up with cellular tissue; and both have an epidermis furnished with pores for absorption and respiration. The absolute change of leaves into sepals, and thence into petals, may be occasionally seen in the tulip, the bracts or floral leaves of which are sometimes partially coloured like the proper petals of the flower; or, conversely, the sepals may be often seen presenting the appearance of true leaves; as in the rose, which has sometimes a ring of leaves instead of sepals; or in the polyanthus, whose brown corolla is often surrounded by common leaves. The construction and arrangement of the stamens also point to the same leafy origin. These have occasionally their filaments dilated and leaf-like, as in the white water-lily; and in many cases—such as the double roses, anemones, and ranunculus—a transition is observable from the outer petals of the corolla to the true stamens; the petals gradually becoming smaller, and ultimately assuming the colour and form of the latter. The pistil and ovary seem formed in the same way by the metamorphosis and union of leaves. Many pistils have a laminated or blade-like shape, and the stigma of some, such as the iris, is leafy. The leafy origin of the seed-vessel is still more perceptible—a follicle or legume, as the pea, being evidently composed of two leaves folded and adhering at the edges. These pods, indeed, sometimes reassume the leafy form, and, instead of seeds, produce along their edges a number of expanded lobes. Even the fleshy apple is but a number of leaves metamorphosed by an increase of cellular tissue, and united so as to form one continuous mass. The leafy origin of fleshy fruits is often very distinct when newly formed, or when by some accident they are rendered abortive at this stage. Nor does this leaf-like circle end with the seed-vessel. Let any one carefully dissect an apple, and he will find that it is not only composed of five leaves united and enlarged by increase of cellular tissue, but that it has in the axil of these leaves a seed or seeds, each composed of two lobes or cotyledons, prepared to commence the circle anew when the season of growth returns.

What are called monstrosities in flowers, furnish another evidence that the floral appendages are merely modifications of the leaf, or at least that the same structure is common to both. These monstrosities generally arise from some accidental circumstance operating, so as to change the flower-bud into a leaf-bud during the germination of the flower. Thus, if a plant be supplied with abundance of moisture and warmth, but with little sunlight, the growing point will be developed into a bud in the centre of the flower, and sometimes a second blossom will be produced at the extremity. A further confirmation of the common origin of the flower and leaf is afforded by the fact, that fuchsias are sometimes found with the flowers half leaves, and the leaves half flowers. One of the properties of the leaf is to produce branches from its axil, or angle which it forms with the stem. The same property is often observable in the sepals, and not unfrequently in the petals, as, for example, in the common pimpernel. In the Gardeners' Chronicle for May 1844, a flower of this plant is figured with two of the petals producing young shoots, in no way distinguishable from the shoots which proceed from the axil of the true leaves. We have thus, without direct evidence, every cause for suspecting that the petals are nothing but modified leaves. We also know that removing a wild plant,

as the dog-rose, into a garden, has a tendency to make the flowers double, because enough of cellular tissue is produced to convert the stamens into petals. Leaves and branches are frequently transformed into spines and thorns. Indeed thorns are regarded as leaf-buds which have been rendered abortive by some accidental stoppage of the sap, which prevents the addition of cellular tissue to form perfect leaves. Branches which also take their origin from leaf-buds may be arrested at a certain stage of their growth, so as to form spines instead of perfect branches; and such spines not unfrequently give birth to new leaf-buds and leaves, as may be seen in the common hedge-thorn. 'We see, therefore,' says Dr Lindley, in winding up this curious subject, 'that there is not only a continuous uninterrupted passage from the leaves to the bracts, from bracts to calyx, from calyx to corolla, from corolla to stamens, and from stamens to pistil—from which circumstance alone the origin of all these organs might have been referred to the leaves—but there is also a continuous tendency to revert to the form of the leaf.'

The preceding is a rapid glance at the leading principles of morphology, which, when thoroughly understood, exhibit the whole plan of vegetable growth in the utmost simplicity and uniformity. Increase of substance, in whatever part, is but cellular development; multiplicity of form and organisation, mere modification of the leaf. Or we may regard the leaf as the individual, and the entire plant as an assemblage of individuals—each set being modified according to the functions they have to perform. There is certainly nothing more incredible in the statement of these modifications, than there is in the well-known morphosis of the frog from the tadpole, or of the butterfly from the successive stages of caterpillar and chrysalis. The drone, working-bee, and queen-bee, differ in structure according to the functions they are destined to execute; yet they can be transformed into each other, proving that they are but modifications of one common form. So it is with the leaves of plants; one set administers to the process of growth, another to defence, and a third to the functions of reproduction—each assuming a form suitable to its appointed office. Nature is never prodigal of her resources: by the slightest modifications of one great design, she can produce a thousand different results; and thus it is that in creation we find the greatest variety with the utmost simplicity, and in time the most gigantic results from movements all but imperceptible.

### EL COLL DE BALAGUER.

A MODERN CATALANIAN STORY.

THE road from Barcelona to Valencia passes over the skirt of a cordillera, or mountain ridge, known by the name of El Coll de Balaguer. This road is edged by the sea on one side and the Coll on the other; and at one point especially, where there is an elbow or short turn, there are several enormous blocks of stone, which appear to have become detached from the main rock, and to have lodged in situations exactly suitable for the concealment of banditti, and affording facilities for pouncing upon the unsuspecting traveller from the narrow passages by which they are separated.

Between the years 1828 and 1831, several robberies and assassinations had been perpetrated close to this spot; and six rude crosses, erected within a very short distance of each other, were sad mementos of the fact. All these murders had been accompanied by circumstances marked by a singular similarity. The first victim who perished in this dreaded neighbourhood was a rich merchant, who was travelling from Lérida to Tortosa. It was supposed that, having had occasion to transact business in places out of the direct road, he had branched off, and had joined the Barcelona route near the Coll de Balaguer. He was seen one afternoon riding along on his mule in that direction, and early on the following morning a mendicant friar found his dead body, bathed in blood. A bullet had struck him in the forehead, just between the eyes. His

money and other light valuables were gone; but the assassin appeared to have disdained to take any other part of his property, for his mule was quietly cropping the scanty grass a short distance off, and the little portmanteau was still strapped on the crupper pad. A remarkable as well as unaccountable circumstance attending this catastrophe was, that a roughly-fashioned wooden cross had been placed in the clasped hands of the murdered merchant. The most prompt and diligent steps were taken, under the direction of the authorities, for the discovery of the assassin, but without effect.

Seven months afterwards, on the eve of the festival of San Hilarion, in the month of October, a dealer—who had been to Barcelona to dispose of a large quantity of Segovia wool, and who was on his way to Murcia with a considerable sum of money in his possession—was robbed and murdered near the Coll de Balaguer; and about the middle of the following year, Don Andres Escorriasa, a manufacturer of firearms, was found dead at the same place.

In February 1830, a pedlar named Zoannofer, who had been selling his wares in different parts of the country, commencing his traffic in Navarre and ending in Catalonia, when on his road from Barcelona to Tortosa, in order to return to the north by one of the passage-boats which ascend the Ebro, was also killed by a bullet near the fatal spot; and eight days before the festival of Todos los Santos, or All-Saints, in the same year, Antonio P. Dirba, a contrabandista, and also a great sportsman, who had that very morning succeeded in smuggling a cargo of French tobacco on that part of the coast, was assassinated, evidently without having had an opportunity of defending himself; for the *trabuco* or blunderbuss, with which he was armed, was still loaded, and lying beside his corpse.

In January 1831, the dead body of a person named Nervas y Alaves, who had been selling a lot of liquorice juice at Tortosa, was discovered at El Coll de Balaguer.

These six victims had all been rifled of their money alone, and all had been mortally struck with equal good aim by a single bullet. Moreover, each was found with a rough wooden cross fixed in his lifeless hands.

The Coll de Balaguer became, as may naturally be supposed, the terror of travellers, as well as of the surrounding country, in consequence of these murderous waylayings; and few persons had the hardihood to travel by that route, unless they were numerously and stoutly accompanied. Many whose affairs called them from Barcelona to Tortosa and Valencia, diverged from the high road, and willingly encountered the toil and inconvenience of making a circuit of several leagues over rugged paths, regaining that high road at a safe distance from the dreaded Coll de Balaguer.

Some goat-herds, who had occasionally conducted their flocks to browse upon the mountain herbage near the spot, declared that they had found some faded flowers which had been deposited by an unknown hand at the foot of each of the six wooden crosses which marked the burial places of the murdered travellers, and they went so far as to add, that at sunset they had more than once descried a tall figure enveloped in a cloak gliding along until it arrived close to the crosses, when it sank on its knees, and appeared absorbed in prayer; but that upon their approach, it suddenly vanished. They also imagined that they had occasionally heard doleful groans and sobs, apparently proceeding from some person in grief or suffering, at the foot of the Coll. Under these mysterious circumstances, he would have been a bold man who would venture to pass that spot alone after nightfall.

A few years antecedent to these startling events, a person named Venceslas Uriarte took up his residence in the environs of Tortosa. He was not a Catalonian, and his previous history was unknown in those parts. It was rumoured, however, that before the revolution of 1822, when the Inquisition was abolished, he had been *alcáide*, or jailer, in some prison belonging to that dread tribunal. According to his own account, he had

served in what was called the Army of the Faith, a body of implacable fanatics, who hesitated at no means, however astute or cruel, to endeavour to perpetuate a system which had been for ages the bane of domestic felicity, the curb to rising intelligence, and the fosterer of the most evil passions.

That baleful system having at length been resisted in the most determined manner by the mass of the Spanish people, the majority of its agents and abettors had either fallen in the various encounters between the constitutional forces and those of the Army of the Faith, or had emigrated to France, Italy, and other countries, whilst considerable numbers dispersed themselves in various parts of Spain, where they were generally regarded with suspicion and hatred, not unmixed with fear, in spite of their prostrate position; for they bore the indelible stamp of beings who had been in the habit of perpetrating crimes of the very deepest dye, either in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where none but the monsters in human form who tortured their victims in secret could hear their shrieks for mercy; or in districts which the Army of the Faith had held under its domination, persecuting and castigating those whose words, actions, or even looks, could be so distorted or misinterpreted as to be made the groundwork of a suspicion.

This Venceslas Uriarte's habits were expensive; but the source whence he drew his pecuniary supplies was unknown; and although he practised all the outward forms of religion with scrupulous exactitude, and had, on that account, gained a certain reputation for piety in some quarters, he was generally looked upon as a dangerous person. Strange and ominous expressions, fearfully indicating that he was familiar with crime, escaped his lips in unguarded moments; and he gave way occasionally to the most furious bursts of passion in altercations with his associates, his vengeful glances causing the bystanders to tremble lest he should put an end to the dispute in some violent and tragical manner. Nor were their fears groundless, although the fatal blow might not be struck in their presence. The following instances are characteristic of the man:—

Some one having asked him how it was that, being so excellent a shot, he so seldom went out for a day's sport, his reply was—"To find a hare, it is necessary to undergo fatigue. Then, if you shoot it, you must run some little distance to pick it up; and you must afterwards walk long way if you wish to sell it. 'Tis much better to wait for a man; he comes of his own accord; and when you have killed him, all you have to do is to ransack his *alforjas* [saddle-bags].

One day, however, he went to shoot wild-fowl in company with Antonio P. Dirba, the contrabandista, to Los Alfaques, which are a cluster of small islands or banks near the mouth of the Ebro, thickly overgrown with tall reeds, and which afford shelter to great numbers of wild ducks and flamingoes. At the close of their day's sport, they entered a fisherman's hut in search of refreshment; but all they could obtain was a salad, cut into very small pieces, and, as is the custom in Catalonia, swimming in a profusion of liquid called *caldó*, composed of water, oil, and vinegar.

Antonio, in helping his companion to some caldo, used rather clumsily the roughly-fashioned wooden spoon which the fisherman had produced; for though he seemed to be ladling out the caldo, he in reality transferred scarcely any to his companion's plate; and Venceslas insisted that he had turned the spoon the wrong way upwards, and that he was stupidly trying to take up the caldo with the convex side of the spoon. Antonio maintained that he was using the hollow part, and out of this trifling matter a most violent quarrel arose. And yet, as is the case with regard to many other serious quarrels, the origin thereof was not only insignificant, but groundless; for a person who accidentally came into the fisherman's hut, and to whom the matter was referred, declared, on the first glance at the object in dispute, that both sides of the spoon were alike; that is, nearly flat.

Three days after this absurd contention between Venceslas Uriarte and poor Antonio P. Dirba, the latter was found lying dead, with a rude wooden cross in his stiffened hands, near the Coll de Balaguer.

During Lent, in the year 1832, a troop of strolling players had been performing with great success at Tarragona one of those *Autos Sacramentales*, or sacred plays, which excite great interest among the Spanish people; inasmuch as they are living representations, displayed with great exactness, aided by scenic illusions, of some of the most remarkable and exciting events recorded in the sacred writings; the martyrdom of saints being frequently represented on the stage apparently in all their horrible reality. The auto sacramental which the company had enacted with so much éclat at Tarragona was, The Beheading of St John the Baptist; and in the hope of meeting with equal good fortune at Tortosa, they departed early one morning from Tarragona by the high road which passes by the Coll de Balaguer.

The baggage, wardrobe, and other theatrical equipments of the company, were laden upon several mules; but the actor, one Fernando Garcia, who performed the part of St John, preferred to carry one part of his costume himself.

Fernando Garcia was a short man, which was a main point for the effective representation of the principal character in the auto sacramental; for, in order to give an appearance of reality to the scene of the beheading of St John the Baptist, a *bonetillo*, or leather skull-cap, was placed on the head of the actor of low stature, and upon the said skull-cap there was fixed, by means of a spring, a false head imitating nature; and the actor's dress or raiment was so arranged as to reach above, and cover his own head, leaving visible only the false one, which being struck off by the executioner on the stage, and placed apparently bleeding on a dish, or charger, produced a startling and exciting effect upon the spectators.

Now, Fernando Garcia could not make up his mind to confide this precious *cabesa*, or head, which was so essential an instrument of his theatrical success, to the care of a mulletor; for it was not merely well modelled, light in point of materials—the features being painted so as to imitate nature to perfection, with real hair parted over the forehead, and hanging gracefully over the back part of the neck—but it had glass eyes, which were constantly in motion by means of an internal spring, which was acted upon by the pressure of the said imitation-head on the skull-cap surmounting the actor's real one.

So little Fernando thought that the safer way of conveying this all-important piece of mechanism was to make himself a head taller on his journey, by ingrafting it on his own pate, as he was wont to do on the stage; and accordingly, in this guise, and mounted on a hired horse, he wended his way towards Tortosa with the rest of the company.

Towards evening, however, he found himself alone. He had loitered on the road, and, like all loiterers, he was exposed to inconvenience. The weather was chilly, and in order to ward off its uncomfortable effects, he covered his face, and even his eyes, with his *capa*, or cloak; and trusting to the intelligence and sure-footedness of his horse, he beguiled the time by thinking of the plaudits which would be showered down upon him at Tortosa, when he should personate to the life the saint whose counterfeit head overtopped his own, without feeling any ill effects from the cold against which he had so snugly sheltered himself from top to toe. Suddenly—just at the turn of the road at the Coll de Balaguer, that fatal spot where so many mysterious murders and robberies had been committed—a shot was fired from behind one of the enormous blocks of stone already described. The actor's horse reared, and threw his double-headed and muffled-up rider, who, whilst struggling to disencumber himself from the folds of his cloak, was terrified beyond measure at seeing a man

with a carbine in his hand in the act of pouncing upon him.

Fernando, however, was not wanting in courage, and, having luckily just on that moment got free from the *cops*, he leaped upon his legs, and drawing forth a poniard, prepared for resistance.

Venceslas Uriarte—for he it was who was rushing upon his supposed victim—astounded at having for the first time missed his aim, was about to take to flight; but he lost all command over himself, and became riveted to the spot upon beholding a being with two heads; the upper one—that of St John the Baptist—rolling its eyes in the most horrible manner, whilst the menacing orbs of little Fernando Garcia were flashing on him from their sockets in his own living head underneath, and the glistening poniard was elevated, ready to be plunged into his breast.

The robber's guilty conscience raised up the most fearful imaginings; his countenance became livid, his mouth gaped widely, his parched tongue clove to the palate, and he gazed wildly on the horrible apparition. In a minute or two, however, he made another desperate effort to escape; but, although accustomed to all the rugged paths, and agile in surmounting every obstacle when pursuing his prey, or in rapid flight with his booty, such was his trepidation, that his *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals, got entangled among the briers, and threw him down several times. He tried to climb at once up to the higher part of the Coll, and for that purpose caught at a shrub which was growing out of a crevice; but the force of his desperate grasp, and the weight of his convulsed body, drew it out by the root, and he fell again at the feet of the double-headed comedian, who had hotly pursued him.

“Avant, Satan! Touch me not, demonio!” cried the assassin, making the sign of the cross. But his exorcisms had no effect upon the bold Fernando Garcia, or upon St John the Baptist's head; for the former stood over him with the drawn dagger, crying out stoutly at the same time for his comrades by the odd names which actors are apt to adopt, and which no doubt sounded to the prostrate robber like calls for a host of demons to carry him to the realms of eternal torment; and the latter kept rolling its eyes frightfully.

The rest of the company hastened to the relief of Fernando on hearing his cries, and found the murderer helpless from the effect of fright and a smiting conscience. He was bound and taken to the nearest town, where he was searched in presence of the proper authorities. He wore a coarse haircloth shirt; and there were found upon him a rosary, a little book of prayers, and a sort of locket, containing—according to a memorandum on the piece of parchment in which it was wrapped—some of the hair of St Dominic. But he carried also concealed a poniard of highly-tempered steel; and in a pouch were four bullets, each wrapped in a small piece of greased linen, and fitting his carbine. There were also a few charges of fine gunpowder in a flat powder-horn.

This hypocritical and cruel malefactor was reduced to a state of abject cowardice by what he considered to have been a supernatural interposition, and confessed that he was the assassin of El Coll de Balaguer.

“But,” said the magistrate, “how could you dare to place the cross in the hands of your victims?”

“It is no great matter,” replied the reckless murderer, “to kill the body; but to destroy the soul is an abominable crime! I adorned their tombs with flowers, and I prayed fervently that they might be spared some days of purgatory. I placed in their hands, immediately after their death, crosses upon which I had previously procured a blessing, in order that, if they were not in a state of grace, they might at all events repulse the devil! But there he is! I see him! I see him now!” he cried, on perceiving little Fernando Garcia advancing with two heads, in order to show the magistrate how it was that his life had been saved.

“There he is! Avant, Satanos! avaut!” muttered

the wretched assassin, and fell into a swoon, after some violent contortions.

He was tried by the proper tribunal, sentenced to death, and executed; and the brave little comedian had reason to rejoice for the remainder of his days at the practical proof which had been exhibited in his own person of the truth of the old saying, that two heads are better than one.

It is almost needless to add, that the auto sacramental was witnessed at Tortosa, and other places, with increased interest by the thousands who flocked to the theatre when it was represented, in consequence of the important part the head had performed in the drama at the Coll de Balaguer, and in bringing to justice the notorious Venceslas Uriarte.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### M. GUIZOT.

M. Guizot, the present prime minister of France, seems to us, in more than one respect, a singular and interesting personage. Previously to the revolution of July, his literary productions had acquired him a European fame; and these now entitle him, in the opinion of competent judges, to be considered the founder of that new historical school to which we owe the brilliant writings of Michelet and Thiers. With the memorable convulsion of 1830, he leaped at one bound into high official rank; and he is now beyond all dispute acknowledged to be the leading statesman of France. This double success in literature and in life, so rare, though not unexampled in our time, was of itself sufficient to command attention and excite curiosity. But our surprise at Guizot's political triumphs is heightened when we reflect on the circumstances under which they have been achieved. He has reached and maintained himself on his present elevation, although a man of obscure birth and no fortune; nor can he be said to have displayed, or to possess, the peculiar qualities with which, in stormy times, those who have forced their way into power have, for the most part, been gifted. Guizot's chief characteristics are a clear logical understanding, and a certain cold philosophical composure: he has nothing about him of the Chatham or the Mirabeau.

For these reasons, a minute narrative of Guizot's personal and political career could not fail, we think, in the hands of a well-informed writer, to prove in a high degree pleasing and instructive. Such a task we have no intention of attempting; the materials, were it nothing else, are, and may for long be wanting: meanwhile, however, some few and scanty facts which, in the field of French contemporary biography, we have been able to glean respecting this remarkable man, may perhaps be acceptable to a large class of our readers.

Francis Peter William Guizot was born at Nismes, a town in the department of Gard, and province of Languedoc, on the 4th of October 1787. His family had long been settled in the south of France as respectable citizens of the middle rank, and in communion with the reformed church, of which Guizot himself is, and has always been a member. His father was an advocate of Nismes, a man of talent and eminence in his profession, and, as the anecdote we are about to quote will show, of humane and heroic temper. Like his brother Protestants, he had welcomed with joy the revolution of 1789, which relieved the French dissenters from all restrictions on the public exercise of their religion. After the execution of the king, however, his zeal, with that of so many others, began to cool. When the Reign of Terror was nearly at its height, he saw himself one of the ‘suspected,’ and was forced to conceal himself, to avoid imprisonment and death. ‘He was found,’ says a trustworthy biographer of his son, ‘in his hiding-place by a gendarme; but this person regretting to have discovered him, and unwilling to have any share in his destruction, offered to let him escape.’ M. Guizot perceived that, to save his own life, he must compromise that of his merciful captor, and did not hesitate for an instant before

relinquishing his only chance of preservation.' He was guillotined at Nismes on the 8th of April 1794, a few days after the execution at Paris of Danton and Camille Desmoulin. The young Guizot was then seven years of age. The sad spectacle of his father's death, as may be well supposed, produced a deep impression on his mind. We learn that it has never forsaken him; and perhaps it may in part account for that hatred of anything like revolutionary anarchy which he has manifested through life.

Immediately after this fatal event, Madame Guizot removed with her two sons to Geneva, where her own relatives resided. She has been described as an excellent woman of the old school; religious, true-hearted, and energetic; bound up in the welfare and right education of her children. She was one day, we have somewhere read, found by a visitor with Guizot on her knee, to whom she was repeating stories from the lives of the great reformers. 'I am trying,' she said, 'to make my Frank a resolute and diligent boy.' At the age of twelve, Guizot was sent to the public school of Geneva; and here he proved that his mother's efforts had not been thrown away. Indeed so absorbing was the vigour with which he applied himself to whatever he had in hand, that he became the butt of his more mercurial companions, who delighted in teasing with all sorts of practical jokes the abstracted little student. Aided by perseverance, his talents produced, in four years only, results that seem almost incredible: at sixteen, we are told Guizot could read and enjoy, in the originals, 'Thucydides and Demosthenes, Cicero and Tacitus, Dante and Alferi, Schiller and Goethe, Gibbon and Shakspeare.' The two succeeding years were devoted to metaphysical studies, from which his mind, so eminently reflective, drew nourishment even more appropriate than that which it had found in the masterpieces of poetry and history. Finally, when he had gained the highest academical honours, it was thought by his mother and her friends that he could not but succeed in his father's profession. For a young man, too, of his gifts and accomplishments, they decided Paris was the only fitting sphere. Accordingly, towards the end of 1804, Madame Guizot returned once more to Nismes, whence, after a brief stay, Guizot himself proceeded, full of hope and ambition, to study law and push his fortunes in the French metropolis.

It was in 1805, the year after Napoleon's elevation to the imperial throne, that Guizot arrived in Paris. 'Poor and proud, austere and ambitious,' he saw himself in the midst of a brilliant, frivolous, and intriguing society, unfurnished, by his strict Genevese education, with the means of shining in such a world, and disinclined by nature to make the attempt. The Revolution, moreover, had destroyed, with so much else, the Paris law school, and Guizot was left, without a teacher, or any aid but that of books, to sound as he best might the mysterious depths of jurisprudence. The first twelvemonth of his stay in Paris was spent in solitary study; happily, during the next, he made the acquaintance of a M. Stopfer, the former representative of the Swiss republics, and, with the connexion which sprang out of it, Guizot seems to have abandoned all thoughts of law as a profession. This gentleman was a person of worth and learning, deeply versed in German metaphysics, a subject on which he had more than once appeared before the world as an author. Beneath his roof, as preceptor to his children, Guizot resided during the years 1807-8. In Stopfer he found not only an employer, but a paternal friend: under his guidance he was enabled to master the philosophy of Kant, and he had leisure enough still remaining to recommence the study, and perfect his knowledge of the classical authors. Besides this, he procured him admission to the society he most coveted—that of literary men. Among those of this class to whom he introduced him, one was M. Suard: at his house Guizot became a constant and grateful visitor: here, on a footing of perfect equality, he met the most distinguished members both of the old school and the

new one, already beginning to displace it. In Suard's saloon might be seen in friendly converse Chateaubriand and the Abbé Mouillet, Madame de Fontane and the Chevalier de Boufflers.

Guizot, though at this time a silent and reserved young man, made such use of these opportunities, that when, in 1809, he ceased to reside with M. Stopfer, he could with safety—so far at least as regarded the certainty of employment—enter on the perilous career of the author by profession, who trusts to his pen alone for his support. He became a contributor to a number of the graver periodicals of the day. His first book appeared in 1809 itself; it was a 'Dictionary of French Synonyms,' and in part a compilation; but he prefixed to it an original treatise on the philosophical character of the French language, 'that displayed already,' says a critic, 'that genius for precision and method which to-day distinguishes M. Guizot.' This was followed in 1811 by a translation of Rehfus' work on Spain, and by an essay on the state of the fine arts in France, and the Paris art-exhibition of 1810. The same year he was appointed conductor of the 'Annals of Education,' a valuable periodical, which continued till 1815 to appear under his editorship. Guizot was beginning to rise in public estimation. Literature, indeed, could not then be said, even with less justice than at present, to be a source of wealth to its cultivators; but it brought him enough for his simple wants. Powerful friends were promising him their aid for the future; so prudence itself, he thought, no longer forbade him to complete his union with the gifted lady (first seen by him in the literary circle assembled at Suard's) to whom for several years he had been attached and engaged. The way in which their intimacy originated is probably known to but few of our readers: it is one of those romances of real life more surprising than any fiction. In this case the romance is not the less interesting to us from its being one of real literary life.

Pauline de Meulan was born in Paris in the year 1773, fourteen years earlier than her future husband. Her father, after having enjoyed for the greater part of his life the possession of a considerable fortune, saw it swept away by the Revolution, and dying in 1790, the year after its loss, left a widow and large family almost wholly unprovided for. Some time after Mademoiselle de Meulan had reached womanhood, it fitted one day across her mind that she too might perhaps possess some literary talent, and in this way contribute to the support of those she loved. The thought was immediately put into action: she began a novel, and, chaining herself to her desk for several weeks, at last saw it duly completed. Some old friends of her father found her a publisher. The book was successful; and, thus enlisted in the corps of authors, she became one of its most industrious members. A year or two afterwards, M. Suard established a journal called the Publicist. Mademoiselle de Meulan, now a practised writer, was appointed contributor-in-chief, and her light graceful female pen soon made the work exceedingly popular. At last, in the first months of 1807, she was seized with a dangerous illness, brought on or hastened by over-exertion. The malady was of such a kind that she could not continue her labours; yet for years the produce of her essays in the Publicist had been the sole resource of her mother and herself. In this painful situation she received one day by post an article written in happy imitation of her style and manner: it was accompanied by an anonymous letter, in which she was requested to set her mind at rest, as, until her health should be restored, a similar article would be forwarded to her for each future number of the Publicist. The offer was tacitly accepted, and the articles came with the utmost regularity. On her recovery, she mentioned the circumstance in M. Suard's saloon, little thinking that the pale taciturn young philosopher, who was listening calmly to her story, held the key of the mystery. Unable to discover her benefactor, she at last, in the Publicist itself, requested him to disclose his name.

Guizot now acknowledged himself to be the unknown friend, and five years afterwards Mademoiselle de Meulan became his wife. They were married in the April of 1812; and though the lady was, as we have seen, fourteen years older than her husband, their union was the happiest possible. Madame Guizot is said, from the purity and severity of her moral nature, to have exerted a powerful influence on her husband's spiritual culture. In a humbler way than this too she was of great assistance to him. Thus, the translation of Gibbon,\* which, during the first year of their marriage, appeared under his auspices, and with his valuable notes, was revised and corrected by her; and she relieved him likewise in great part from the labour of editing the 'Annals of Education.'

The year 1812 was altogether a remarkable one in Guizot's hitherto tranquil career. In the course of it, his friends Baron Pasquier and M. de Fontanes attempted to introduce him to political life by soliciting for him the post of auditor to the imperial council of state. Muret, Duke of Bassans, to whom the application was made, directed him to draw up a state-paper as a specimen of his ability. The subject was to be an exchange, then talked of by Napoleon, between Great Britain and France of their respective prisoners of war. But the emperor, it was well known, was insincere in making the proposal, as he deemed the support of the French prisoners a burden to Great Britain, while he himself was, at the time, in no want of soldiers. A suspicion of this insincerity was too prominent in Guizot's performance: he did not seem a fit man for ministerial purposes, and the application remained without effect. M. de Fontanes procured him, however, the professorship of modern history in the Paris Faculty of Letters, afterwards the scene of some of his noblest triumphs. This situation brought him into contact with his colleague Royer-Collard, the well-known professor of philosophy, to whom Guizot in every way owes much. They formed a friendship which promised to be lasting, and indeed it did last for a long period. Unhappily, after the revolution of July, it was dissolved by political differences.

In 1813 he was occupied with the duties of his chair: he published also his 'Lives of the French Poets during the age of Louis XIV.', a first volume only, which has had no successor. In 1814, after so protracted a separation, he paid a visit to his mother at Nismes, and while there, the first restoration of the Bourbons occurred, an event with which Guizot's entry into public life begins. On returning to Paris, he was recommended by his friend Royer-Collard to the minister of the interior, the Abbé de Montesquiou, who appointed him his chief secretary, a subordinate, but, in Guizot's hands, an influential post. Along with Royer-Collard, he framed the severe law against the press, which was presented by M. de Montesquiou to the Chamber of 1814, and he was made one of the royal censors. When Napoleon came back from Elba, Guizot did not resign his situation; but he was, however, dismissed by Carnot, the new minister of the interior. This was in May 1815. A few days afterwards, when it was perceived that the great European powers would not treat with Napoleon, whose fall, sooner or later, was therefore inevitable, Guizot was despatched by the constitutional royalists to Ghent, where Louis XVIII. then resided, to plead with that monarch the cause of the charter, and point out the necessity of removing from his council M. de Blacas, the leader of the stiff-necked unyielding royalists of the old régime. His expedition was a successful one. On his return to France, after the battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII. dismissed M. de Blacas, and promised, in the proclamation of Cambrai, a more faithful adherence to the charter. This is the

\* By the way, few persons (even though professed bibliographers) are aware that a considerable portion of this translation was executed by Louis XVI. when dauphin. It was completed 'by various hands,' and being the French version of Gibbon in general use, has had a number of editors, from Monsieur (or rather Madame) Guizot downwards.

origin of the epithet, 'Man of Ghent,' applied to Guizot by his political opponents, and with which every reader of newspapers is familiar.

During the first five years of the second restoration, Guizot filled, with little intermission, various semi-official posts of respectability indeed, but of slender importance. Such influence as he possessed (and though not a deputy, it was considerable), he exerted to liberalise the successive ministries under which he served. It was during this period that the small knot of thoughtful politicians of which Royer-Collard, Camille Jordan, and Guizot were the heads, received the nickname of 'Doctrinaires.' The meaning of the word 'doctrinaire,' in its present extensive application, it would be difficult or impossible to explain; but its origin, as a party designation, may be stated for the benefit of those of our readers who have heard the term used without being able to attach to it any idea. The 'doctrinaires' were, before the revolution of '89, a French Catholic community, which had various colleges for the instruction of young persons. Royer-Collard had been educated in one of these. This philosopher's speeches in the Chamber of Deputies were for the most part of an abstract and rather pedantic kind, teeming with phrases more suited to the schools than to that political arena. One of his favourite expressions was 'doctrine,' and as this word dropped from him one day, an ultra-royalist wag seized the opportunity to exclaim, 'Ah! there go the doctrinaires.'

In the February of 1820, the assassination of the Duke de Berri produced an anti-liberal reaction. The Decazes ministry was forced to resign, and with its fall Guizot lost the situation which had been created for him in the preceding year, of 'Director of the Municipal Administrations of France.' He now resumed the duties of his chair, which had meanwhile, we suppose, been performed by deputy, and endeavoured to make up for the loss of his official income by renewed and strenuous literary labour. 'After the fall of M. Decazes,' says a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 'the interior of M. Guizot's house long presented a curious spectacle. His brother-in-law, M. Devaines, prefect of the Nièvre, had been, like himself, deprived of his situation, and he returned to Paris with his wife and two nieces, one of whom M. Guizot afterwards married. On one side you saw Madame Guizot and her nieces slitting up, re-making, and annotating Le Tourneur's translation of Shakespeare; on the other, M. Guizot was busied with his researches into the history of France; further on, a few young men, docile pupils of the master, were ferreting, with the aid of a lexicon, in the barbarous Latin of Ordéricus Vitalis; others were translating the Memoirs of Clarendon or the Eikon-Basilike of Charles I., laboriously erecting, stone by stone, that great edifice, the Collection of Memoirs relating to the English Revolution, which bears on its front the signature of M. Guizot.' An interesting peep into a literary workshop.

The fruits of this industry were speedily given to the world. In 1821 appeared a new edition of Rollin and Le Tourneur's now amended and annotated translation of Shakespeare; in both of which enterprises, though Guizot bore away the honour, his wife had the principal share. The researches mentioned in the passage just quoted, were for his lectures on the history of representative government in France, delivered during the winter of 1821-2. In 1822, an event took place which made him more dependent than ever on his literary exertions. He had found time, in the course of 1821, for the composition of a long political pamphlet, in which his favourite doctrine of liberty, in alliance with order, was powerfully and elaborately developed. The new ministry disliked his love of freedom, although it was united with a respect for established institutions. They feared, above all, his influence as a teacher on the rising generation, and accordingly suspended him from the functions of his professorship.

For several years after this occurrence Guizot remained a stranger to politics. His sensible and far-seeing turn of mind kept him from lending his aid to any of

the thousand-and-one (sometimes very extensive) conspiracies which, while the Villele ministry remained in power, every day brought forth, though only to be crushed. He calmly waited till the time should come when he might with safety, and some prospect of success, take a part in public affairs. Meanwhile, historical studies, and the preparation of historical works, kept him constantly employed. In 1823 appeared his Essays on the History of France, and the first volumes of two grand collections of memoirs, one relating to the great English revolution, the other to the early history of France: these, as they were published serially, demanded his almost undivided attention for a considerable period. Yet his industry did not altogether hinder him from enjoying social life; and though he was poor, his visitors were not solely—strange as it may seem to an Englishman—from the ranks of the indigent and obscure. It is of the Guizot of that period that a writer in Fraser's Magazine thus speaks:—‘ Small were his apartments—far, far too small to admit the crowds of literati who sought to claim the honour of his acquaintance, or who, having made, were not willing to lose it. On his reception-nights, the small street at the back of the Madeleine in which he resided was crowded with carriages, as well as all the contiguous streets; and his visitors moved more quickly from one little room to another than they otherwise would have done, because they felt that they owed this act of courtesy to those who came pressing after them. If it had been the drawing-room of a young and beautiful queen, or the levee of a popular and distinguished cabinet minister, no anxiety to be admitted, to speak, to exchange looks, could have been more closely and strongly marked than on these occasions. Madame Guizot, and one or two female friends—often the late Duchess de Broglie, the Lady Peel of France—presided at a tea-table, where the simplest fare was distributed by pretty taper fingers, which even vied with bright eyes and enchanting smiles. Yet were those entertainments sumptuous with wit, with poetry, with philosophy, and with the best life of good society and of the élite of Paris. But death here also has intruded too frequently to permit me to think upon those once happy reunions; and the dear little house in the Rue de l'Evesque has witnessed tears and sobs, and agonies of grief, which none can portray, and which even few can feel.’ This allusion is to Guizot’s loss of the beloved companion both of his toils and his enjoyments, not long before that of their only child. Madame Guizot had been unwell during a considerable portion of 1826. With the new year, it was evident that she was slowly sinking. On the 30th July 1827, she perceived that her end was at hand: she summoned her son and her friends to her side, and bade them farewell—the former was soon to follow her to the tomb. On the morning of the next day she asked her husband to read to her; he took down a volume of Bossuet, and began the funeral oration of Henrietta Maria of England; when he had finished, he looked towards her, and saw that she was no more. We must now hurry on.

The year which was marked by this domestic calamity was also that of Guizot’s return to politics. Perhaps his chief motive for this is to be found in the fact, that he was now forty years of age, and therefore qualified to enter the Chamber of Deputies. In 1828 he established the Revue Française, as an organ for the expression of his opinions, and he became an active member of the Aide-toi Society, then just formed, the objects and procedure of which were quite in accordance with his views. It was founded to protect the electoral system from the assaults of the Villele ministry. Nothing could be less revolutionary than the mode in which it sought its end, by appealing, namely, but with the cumulative force which is the great result of association, whenever the law was infringed, to the authorised legal tribunals.

\* In full—Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera—‘ Help thyself, and Heaven will help thee.’

In the January of 1828, the liberal ministry of M. de Martignac displaced that of Villele, and one of its first acts was to restore Guizot his chair. It was now, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of a brilliant audience, that he began his well-known lectures on the History of Modern Civilisation in Europe. With the August of 1829, the Polignac ministry came into office; its subsequent history is familiar to our readers. Guizot threw himself energetically into opposition, attacking with his vigorous pen, in the columns of the Temps, and the Journal des Débats, the policy of that too famous administration. Chosen deputy by the electoral college of Lisieux in the January of 1830, he was among the protesting 221. He returned from Nismes to Paris on the 26th of July, to learn the publication of those ordinances which cost Charles X. a throne. On the 27th, at the meeting of deputies held at Casimir Périer’s house, the protest drawn up by Guizot was the one agreed on to be signed. He was the author also of the address in which, on the 28th, the Duke of Orleans was invited to undertake the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. On the last of the Three Days, it was Guizot that proposed the appointment of a commission to secure the maintenance of order. On the 30th, he was named by it provisional minister of public instruction; and at the accession of Louis-Philippe, he accepted the most important and difficult post of all, that of minister of the interior.

Guizot’s career since the revolution of 1830 belongs not to biography but to history. Yet we must not conclude without at least alluding to the benefits which, as minister of public instruction, he has conferred on his country. Perhaps we cannot better close this slight sketch than by quoting, from his circular to the instructors of youth then under his jurisdiction, the following noble passage:—‘ There is no fortune to be made, scarcely any reputation, in the round of those laborious duties which the teacher performs. Destined to behold his life glide on in monotonous toil, sometimes to meet with, in those around him, the injustice or the ingratitude of ignorance, he would often mourn, and perhaps despair, if his strength and courage were brought from no other source than the calculation of his immediate and purely selfish interest. A deep feeling of the moral importance of his labours must sustain and inspire him. In the austere pleasure of serving men, and contributing in secret to the public weal, let him find his worthiest recompense, one which only his conscience gives him. His glory is to aspire to nothing beyond the sphere of his obscure and laborious avocations; to exhaust himself in sacrifices little heeded by those who profit by them; in fine, to toil for men, and look for his reward to Heaven alone.’

#### WEST INDIA MAIL

HAVING, in a late number of the Journal, given an account of the East India mail, we now proceed to detail a few particulars respecting the mail to and from the West Indies, which, it is hoped, will prove interesting to all, and possibly new to many, of our readers.

The mails for these important colonial possessions and foreign places are made up in London on the 2d and 17th of every month. Letters posted in London up till eight o’clock on either of these mornings are in time for the packet. The mails are conveyed by the South-Western Railway to Southampton, where they arrive about mid-day, and are transferred, without delay, by means of a small steamer, to one of the splendid steam ships belonging to the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company; which transatlantic steamer, having her steam up, and all in readiness, at once proceeds on her voyage.

A gigantic undertaking is this line of West India steam-packets. There are eighteen vessels, the largest of which are about 2000 tons burthen, gross measurement. Fitted up in the most handsome and comfortable manner, a West India mail-packet is capable of carrying about 100 passengers, to each of whom a separate

sleeping berth is allowed. What a contrast to the old pent-up sailing packets! Besides the amount of passage-money now being less, and the time occupied only about one half, the great comfort and ease with which a passenger can 'stretch his legs' on board the steamers, can only be truly felt by an old *voyageur* in one of the late sailing craft.

Each out-steamer, after leaving Southampton, proceeds to Funchal in Madeira. The run to this place, 1287 miles, occupies seven days. Mails and passengers are landed here in a few hours; and fresh meat, eggs, and fruit having been obtained, the steamer directs her course across the Atlantic.

The island of Madeira has lately become a great resort of invalids from England; and no wonder, seeing what different residents at that place state as to the nature of the climate. One writer in the *Monthly Repository* of 1834 says, 'People ought to be happy here.' The author of *Six Months in the West Indies* observes, 'I should think the situation of Madeira the most enviable in the world. It insures almost every European comfort, with almost every tropical luxury. Any degree of temperature may be enjoyed. The seasons are the youth, maturity, and old age of a never-ending, still-beginning spring.' Sir James Clark, in his valuable work on the Sanative Influence of Climate, writes as follows:—'Madeira has been long held in high estimation for the mildness and equability of its climate; and we shall find, on comparing this with the climate of the most favoured situations on the continent of Europe, that the character is well founded.' Dr Heinekin says, 'Could I enjoy, for a few years, a perpetual Madeira summer, I should confidently anticipate the most beneficial results.'

The Guide to the West Indies, &c. thus contrasts the approach of the steamer to Barbadoes with that of the intrepid Columbus:—'Onward ploughs the giant ship. What to her are the winds? She heeds them not! The waves? They are but her highway! Onward she goes; untiring, unresting, with steady purpose. What to us in this noble ship were the fears, the superstitions, the terrors of those who accompanied that man who first sought, through these waters, the new world?—who, with firm faith, on that eventful 3d of August 1492, pushed off his three small ships—one only of which was completely decked—to seek that new world which had for years existed in his thought, and flourished in his imagination. We are not to be terrified by fancied shrieks in the wind, or of hostile armies imaged in the clouds. The change in the direction of the compass does not fill us with dread; nor do we suppose that the masses of sea-weed that may encircle us are sent by spirits of evil to bar our approach! To us these things are as idle dreams; but they were strong and fearful realities to those lone men in their little vessels who first entered those seas. They were realities to all but him whose firmness, decision, and indomitable will led them on, in firm trust in that God whose religion he sought to establish in a world unknown. What must have been his thoughts and feelings when, after many years of contest and delay, he stood among his superstitious crew, in the middle of night, on his vessel's deck, and for the first time saw a moving light on shore:

Pedro, Rodrigo! there methought it shone!  
There, in the west; and now, alas! 'tis gone.  
'twas all a dream—w<sup>e</sup> gaze and gaze in vain!  
But mark, and speak not—here it comes again:  
It moves! What form unseen, what being there,  
With torch-like lustre, fires the murky air?  
His instincts, passions, say, how like our own;  
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?—Rogers.

The island of *Barbadoes*\* is the first place in the West Indies where the steamers call. The voyage from Madeira occupies fourteen days. Having stopped one

day for home-mails, the steamer proceeds to *Grenada*, which she reaches in about fifteen hours. The total distance from Southampton to Grenada, called route No. 1, is 4037 nautical miles, and is performed in twenty-three days, including the stoppages.

*Grenada* is the principal place where the mail-packets meet to exchange the different mails, replenish coal, water, and other stores, and refit after long voyages. These objects being all accomplished, and all in readiness, before the packet arrives from England a delay of not more than twelve hours occurs in the transfer to the respective branch packets.\* All the mail-steamers described in the subjoined note work in together, keeping up one grand combination, affording to all places mentioned opportunities, some twice, others once a month, of receiving letters both from Europe and insularly, of transmitting replies thereto, and of transit to travellers going in any direction. Now we can calculate almost to an hour when advices will reach us—a circumstance of the highest importance to the mercantile world: *regularity*, rather than fits and starts of celerity, being the great desideratum.

Letters can be despatched on the 2d and 17th from London for Barbadoes, *Grenada*, St Thomas, and *Bermuda*, and answers will be received back in fifty days; (despatched 17th) New *Grenada* and *Guatemala*, in

\* The dispersion takes place in the following order:—On route 2, a packet starts fortnightly from *Barbadoes*, with out-mails for *Tobago* and *Demerara*, where she stops a week; then returns with home-mails to *Tobago*, *Grenada* (where the home-mails are deposited), and *Barbadoes*.

On route 3, one starts fortnightly from *Grenada* with the out-mails for *Trinidad*, where she remains nine days; then returns with home-mails to *Grenada*.

On route 4, one starts fortnightly from *Grenada* with the out-mails for *St Vincent*, *St Lucia*, *Martinique* (French), *Dominica*, *Guadalupe* (French), *Antigua*, *Montserrat*, *Nevis*, *St Kitt's*, *Tortola*, *St Thomas* (Danish), and *Puerto Rico* (Spanish). At this latter place the stoppage of the steamer is only a few hours, after which she returns to *St Thomas* to coal; afterwards calling at each island already mentioned, on her way back to *Grenada*.

On route 5, one starts fortnightly from *Grenada* with the out-mails for *Jacmel* (*Haitien*), *Jamaica*, and *St Jago de Cuba* (Spanish). Here the stop is two days, when she returns to *Jamaica* to coal; and after having allowed this island eight days from the first arrival there, for receiving replies from the interior, she returns to *Jacmel*; thence proceeds to *Puerto Rico* and *St Thomas*.

On route 6, one starts monthly from *Jamaica* with the out-mails for *Havana* (Spanish), where she coals, *Vera Cruz*, and *Tampico* (both Mexican); at this place she remains from five to ten days, according as shipments can be effected, which are often almost impracticable, the bar at the entrance, outside of which the steamer anchors, being often impassable, especially when one of the violent and dreaded 'northerns' sets in. At this place, and also *Vera Cruz*, very large shipments of specie take place, there being sometimes an amount exceeding two and a half million dollars sent on board—coming from the mines in the interior for England—at one time. After waiting off *Tampico* long enough, the packet returns to *Vera Cruz* and *Havana*. Here she re-coals, then proceeds to *Nassau* and *Bermuda*, where she coals up for the Atlantic voyage; then proceeds direct to Southampton, arriving there on the 7th of each month.

On route 7, one starts monthly from *St Thomas* with the out-mail, as well as home-mails, for *Bermuda*. Here she lands the out-mails, and delivers the home-mails to the last-mentioned ship, going (as in route 5) to England; then coals, and proceeds to *Nassau*, *Havana*, and *Jamaica*.

On route 8, one starts monthly from *St Thomas* with all the collected home-mails, proceeding via *Fayal* to Southampton, arriving there on the 29th of each month.

On route 9, one starts monthly from *Grenada* with the out-mails for *La Guaya* and *Puerto Cabello*, stops there two days, and returns to *La Guaya*; then to *St Thomas* and *Grenada*.

On route 10, one starts monthly from *Jamaica* with the out-mails for *Santa Martha*, *Cartagena*, *Chagres*, and *San Juan de Nicaragua*, in the newly-acquired British territory on the Mosquito shore. This latter has been taken possession of by our government, to secure to this country a means of crossing to the Pacific, by way of the *San Juan* river, independent of any adverse state. Although done without noise, this is nevertheless a most important step to this country; one which shows that our rulers have their eyes open to the future political as well as commercial benefits that will result from the possession of this key to the Pacific! But to return to No. 10 steamer: she proceeds, after a day's stop at *San Juan*, to *Jamaica* with mails for England, calling at each place already mentioned on the backward route.

On route 11, one starts monthly with out-mails from *Havana* for *Belize* in Honduras; stops a few days; thence returns to *Havana*.

\* At those places marked in italics, the packets meet to exchange outward, homeward, and inter-colonial mails.

eighty days; (despatched 2d) Mexico and Honduras, in ninety-five days; (despatched 2d and 17th) all other places in sixty-five days.

The fare to Madeira is L.22, or L.30; to Barbadoes L.32, or L.42; to Jamaica L.40, or L.50; and to other places in proportion to the distance. These certainly are very moderate rates for travelling such long distances. To Mexico, the country farthest away, an expanse of sea exceeding 7000 miles has to be traversed. It appears, however, that for upwards of the three years these steam-ships have been constantly at sea (during which time 154 voyages have been performed out and home, only a few of which occupied more than the time now allowed), many of them have run over a space of 115,000 miles respectively—more than four times round the world—yet in no instance has the least mishap to a single pin of their gigantic machinery occurred. This certainly goes to prove the superior construction of the ships and engines, and correctness of the officers in command. The very *Atlantic* may now be said to be *timed*, as by a railway!

#### THE GREEK STAGE.

THE novel and successful attempt which has been recently made in London to excite sympathy amongst an English audience for one of the lofty tragedies of Greece, may perhaps render acceptable a short sketch of the stage performances of the ancients. The same play has met with a gratifying reception in the capitals of France and Prussia; and it is stated that, under royal command, another Greek drama is shortly to be performed. Wonderful is it that plays produced considerably more than two thousand years ago, should, in spite of time, retain a power to delight in an eminent degree people of other lands and other languages. But our wonder will abate if we consider for a moment that it is one of the main attributes of genius to be ever fresh and inviting. We cannot glance round our libraries without perceiving that genius had contracted divine aspirations after the future, and, looking earnestly forwards, had written as much for posterity as for the present. Hitherto, the Greek plays have been conned as tasks in dusky studies, or enjoyed by the learned few; but it has now been shown that they contain matter fitted to delight the minds of the many. It may now be seen that Greek keeps concealed in its crabbed characters a peculiar manifestation of interest which we may look for in vain elsewhere, and even when adequately expressed through the medium of a translation. What has our own Milton said in praise of the Greek tragic writers?

'Then what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In Chorus and Iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight received,  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of Fate and Chance and change in human life;  
High actions and high passions best describing.'

But this was not all that Milton was pleased to say upon this topic. 'Tragedy' (we transcribe from the poem to Samson Agonistes, a drama written after the old models)—'Tragedy, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, most moral, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of these and such-like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure, with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which, in the account of many, it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes.'

They who assign to the drama no higher part in Grecian life than it plays in ours, are most grievously at fault.

Inasmuch as amongst the Greeks the drama held a conspicuous position in their *religious* economy, it excited a far more serious attention in its performance, and a far deeper interest in its production, than can possibly arise in a land where the religion neither admits nor requires such assistance. Its effects were more deeply improved, and were more extensively diffused amongst the masses, as well by reason of their religious character, as that the theatre was almost the only place in which the people could obtain an audience of the intellectually great. A natural consequence was, that the government felt called upon not only to contribute large sums to the support of the theatre, but to interfere very frequently (and often injudiciously) in its actual management. Thus the price of admission at Athens was for a long time one drachma, a silver coin weighing about nine grains; but by the influence of Pericles, a decree was passed reducing the fee to a third, namely, two oboli; which sum, if beyond the means of any citizen, he could obtain from the magistrates. The perpetuity of this law was secured by an enactment which imposed the penalty of death upon those who unsuccessfully attempted to repeal it. The public treasures were thus foolishly squandered; and even the eloquence of Demosthenes was unable to convince the Athenians of the sin of this law. The legislature also took upon itself to regulate the number of the chorus in each drama. The services of a chorus were so frequently required in the solemnities at Athens, that each tribe was compelled to provide a choragus—an officer who, amongst the poorer tribes, was maintained by the state. His duties were to supply a band of vocal and instrumental performers, to provide them with embroidered clothing for festivals, and to appoint a chorus master. Upon holidays, he appeared at the head of his band wearing a gilt crown and rich robe. The watchful eye with which everything appertaining to the stage was regarded, may be gathered from an incident mentioned by Herodotus. The capture of Miletus by the Persians, an affair dis honourable alike to the arms and councils of Athens, was made the subject of a tragedy by Phrynicus; and such was the power with which it was treated, that the audience were moved to tears. The poet was mulcted in a thousand drachmae for dramatising this calamitous occurrence, and the repetition of the piece was forbidden. Another anecdote, related on good authority, shows the fascination which theatrical amusements exercised over the Athenian mind. During the representation of a tragi-comedy, written by Hegemon near the close of the Peloponnesian war, the news of the total defeat of their fleet and army before Syracuse was communicated to the spectators. Almost every person in the house had lost a relation, and the performance was stopped by a burst of grief which the disastrous intelligence inevitably called forth. Nevertheless, as soon as the first paroxysm of sorrow was quelled, the audience reseated themselves, and covering their faces with their mantles, the play was ordered to proceed to its conclusion.

The theatres of the Greeks were not intended, as ours are, for performances during several consecutive months, but were open only for a short time at the seasons appointed for religious festivals, when the capitals were crowded with a population gathered from a wide circuit. The word 'theatre' is associated in our minds with night, and gas-light, and heated houses; but the acting of a play in Greece took place under very different circumstances. The performance was invariably by day, and their theatres had no roof, so that the spectators sat beneath the open sky. It was thought improper for women to appear on the stage, and female characters were therefore personated by men, as they were in England in the time of our early dramatists. A great concourse of people was the natural consequence of the particular period, and of the shortness of the time during which the theatres were open, and thus it was necessary to build them on a vast scale. Some were large enough to hold fifteen or sixteen thousand people. In this fact we may discover some justification for certain peculiarities of costume that would not be tolerated amongst ourselves, because they would remove one source of pleasure with which theatrical amusements are

witnessed. The actors were raised above the ordinary height by means of the cothurnus, or buskin, and their faces were concealed by carved and painted masks. From the great size of the building, the spectators were too far removed from the stage to enable them to read on the actor's countenance that language of feeling and passion which speaks so powerfully, even when the tongue is silent. 'And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?' 'O, against all rule, my lord; most ungrammatical! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling; and between the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds, and three fifths, by a stop-watch each time.' 'Admirable grammarian! But, in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?' 'I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.' 'Excellent observer!' The critic's conduct, at which Sterne rightly dealt his sarcasm, would not have been so egregiously out of place in a Greek theatre. The masks were so fashioned as to indicate with more or less distinctness the person represented; and if they concealed the workings of emotion, the contrasting differences and nice transitions of expression, they helped to idealise the actor, and so far carried out the Greek notion of tragedy. In some lines addressed to an accomplished actress, Charles Lamb felicitously says,

'Your smiles are winds, whose ways we cannot trace,  
That vanish and return we know not how.'

This is merely one example; but even the reader who never entered a theatre may conceive that the occasions are innumerable in which an actor, by his countenance, can add a most expressive commentary to his words, and at another time hint a thousand words when he does not utter one. Yet all this kind of acting, and the pleasure derived from its successful accomplishment, the Greeks deliberately denied themselves by the use of masks. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that they were contrived with a view to increase the power of the voice, and that they were embellished to a high degree by the united efforts of the first sculptors and painters.

A Greek theatre was of a semicircular or horse-shoe shape. Tiers of seats for the audience were placed round that part of the interior which was curved, whilst the stage was formed by a platform in front. Magistrates and persons of quality were placed on the lower tiers, the middle seats were appropriated to the common people; and if females attended the theatre, which has been doubted, they occupied the highest range. The seats were reached by staircases, which mounted from tier to tier at equal distances from each other. What the French call the *parterre*, and we the pit, was not given up to spectators, but was occupied by the chorus, whose duty it was to sing or recite the lyrical pieces which formed a large portion of every play. In the middle of this space, then termed the orchestra, there was an elevated altar, on which sacrifice was offered before the drama commenced, and steps surrounded it, upon which the performers making the chorus stood when they were engaged in dialogue by the mouth of their *coryphaeus* with the actors on the stage. This band of performers personated, just as the ends of the drama were best answered, aged men or venerable matrons, young men or priests. They were divided into two companies, who danced in time to the music whilst they recited the words assigned to them. When repeating the strophe they moved from right to left, then during the antistrophe from left to right; but when the episode was chanting, they looked full upon the audience. The style of the dance was of course regulated by the character of the music, and that again by the nature of the poetry which it accompanied. Great skill was frequently displayed by the dancers in adapting their gestures to the subject of the drama, and even to represent the course of the action. The name of one

performer has been given whose movements were supposed to express very distinctly the events of the Seven Chiefs of Thebes, by Aeschylus. The music introduced during the performance was probably not more than sufficient to guide the dances, and to assist the voices of the singers, without putting forward any claim to attention on its own account. The lyre, the flute, and the pipe, swelled with their blended sweetness, without overwhelming the vocal harmonies of the chorus; and although these simple instruments were manifestly incapable of producing the grand musical effects of modern orchestras, we may well believe that, acutely alive as the Grecians were in all matters of taste, they succeeded in forming an exquisite combination of voice and instrument.

That part of the stage on which the actors stood when speaking was termed the logeum; it was narrow in proportion to its length, covered with awning, and moveable. Behind, a wall rose to the height of the loftiest tier of seats, and between this wall and the logeum were placed the prosenium and the decorations. A palace or temple was usually represented in the back-ground, and views of distant scenery were given at the sides. It seems probable that in some cases the open country was permitted to be seen. It is noticeable that situations of great beauty were selected for the theatres: thus the theatre of Taorminum, in Sicily, was so constructed that the audience had Mount Etna in prospect. The theatre at Athens commanded Mount Hymettus, the Saronic Gulf, and the three ports of Piraeus. Immediately above it stood the Parthenon on its Acropolis. 'The beautiful situation,' says an intelligent writer, 'occupied by the remains of many of the ancient theatres, justifies the supposition that they were studiously placed so as to command and to incorporate with their own architectural features the finest objects of the adjacent country. The majestic mountains and luxuriant plains, the groves and gardens, the land-locked and open sea, in the neighbourhood of many of the principal cities of Greece, presented the finest materials which taste could suggest or desire for such combinations. But the charm of southern landscape depends not solely on the romantic or beautiful features which enter into its composition. In that land of the sun, the purity of the atmosphere, the rich and magical lines of colour, the soft loveliness of the aerial perspective, the powerful relief of light and shadow, produce impressions of pleasure rarely equalled, even in our finest days, in these northern regions.'

The machinery of the stage was very simple, and it was concealed from view as much as possible; for the Greeks were desirous that their representations should rely as little as need be upon stage artifices. There were various entrances for the performers. The chorus came in at a door in the orchestra, which it seldom quitted for the stage. There was also an entrance in the orchestra for characters who were supposed to come from a distance, and they attained the logeum by a staircase. On the logeum itself there was another entrance, and by this the inhabitants of the town found their way. Again, there were three points of ingress in the back wall of the scene; through the main one the great characters came before the audience, whilst the side ones served for subordinate persons. The scene was generally adorned with columns and statues in rich variety; and we are told that vases and hollow vessels were distributed here and in other parts of the theatre, for the purpose of aiding the diffusion of sound.

We may now allude to the appearance of the actors on the stage. The Grecian eye, acquainted with formal grace in all its shapes, demanded not only that every action should be conducted with submission to their severe rules of taste, but that the arrangements of all persons on the stage should be governed by the same rules. The actors were taught to fall into exquisite groups, and to feast the eye with the beauty of symmetry and proportion, whilst the ear was delighted with the sound of the most musical of languages. Thus the theatre was a place which the artist and the poet might frequent with equal instruction. The narrowness of the stage would throw the figures into strong relief, its length

would bestow a frieze-like appearance on the whole disposition, and the mechanical aids that were called in for the regulation of light would materially increase the staturesque effect. *Eschylus* derived part of his celebrity from his improving the costume of his characters. The deities he placed on the stage were clothed in imitation of the finest and most appropriate statuary; and the drapery of all his performers was arranged with such elegance, that the priests were furnished with hints for a more finished style of dress in themselves. In the same way Romney the painter is said to have reformed the fantastic method of arranging the hair of ladies, prevalent at the close of the last century, by showing in some of his pictures the superior effect of a more natural manner.

#### MISCELLANEA.

*The Scuir of Eigg* is a magnificent pillar of basalt that rises in one of the Western Islands, above a stratum of oolite rock, containing fossil remains of a peculiar pine of that era, when the earth contained no animals superior to birds and reptiles. In the *Witness* (Edinburgh newspaper), there is at present in progress a series of chapters descriptive of a visit paid last summer to these islands by the editor, Mr Hugh Miller, whose speculations on the old red sandstone have made his name well known to geologists. The extraction of some specimens of the *Pinites Eiggensis*, as it is called, from the oolitic bed underneath the Scuir, forms the occasion of some curious remarks in the third chapter.

After speaking of the oolite stratum as formed in the sea, and afterwards upheaved by volcanic agency with the mass of basalt over it, the writer thus proceeds:—“The annual rings of the wood, which are quite as small as in a slow-growing Baltic pine, are distinctly visible in all the better pieces I this day transferred to my bag. In one fragment I reckon sixteen rings in half an inch, and fifteen in the same space in another. The trees to which they belonged seem to have grown on some exposed hill-side, where, in the course of half a century, little more than from two to three inches were added to their diameter. Viewed through the microscope in transparent slips, longitudinal and transverse, it presents, within the space of a few lines, objects fitted to fill the mind with wonder. We find the minutest cells, glands, fibres, of the original wood preserved uninjured; there still are those medullary rays entire that communicated between the pith and the outside; there still the ring of thickened cells that indicated the yearly check which the growth received when winter came on; there the polygonal reticulations of the cross section, without a single broken mesh; there, too, the elongated cells in the longitudinal one, each filled with minute glands that take the form of double circles; there, also, of larger size and less regular form, the lacuna in which the turpentine lay; every nicely-organised speck, invisible to the naked eye, we find in as perfect a state of keeping in the incalculably ancient pile-work on which the gigantic Scuir is founded, as in the living pines that flourish green on our hill-sides. A net-work, compared with which that of the finest lace ever worn by the fair reader would seem a net-work of cable, has preserved entire, for untold ages, the most delicate peculiarities of its pattern. There is not a mesh broken, nor a circular dot away!”

From facts plainly placed before our eyes, ‘we now know,’ says Mr Miller, ‘that the ancient Eigg pine, to which the detached fragment picked up at the base of the Scuir belonged—a pine alike different from those of the earlier carboniferous period and those which exist cotemporaneous with ourselves—was, some three creations ago, an exceedingly common tree in the country now called Scotland; as much so, perhaps, as the Scotch fir is at the present day. The fossil trees found in such abundance in the neighbourhood of Helmsdale, that they are burnt for lime—the fossil wood of Eastie, in Cromartyshire, and that of Shandwick, in Ross—all belong to the *Pinites Eiggensis*. It seems to have been a straight and stately tree, in most instances, as in the Eigg specimens, of slow growth. One of the trunks I saw near Navidale measured two feet in diameter, but a full century had passed ere it attained to a bulk so considerable; and a splendid specimen in my collection from the same locality, which measures twenty-one inches, exhibits even more than a hundred annual rings. In one of my specimens, and one only, the rings are of great breadth. They differ from those of all the others in the

proportion in which I have seen the annual rings of a young vigorous fir that had sprung up in some rich moist hollow, differ from the annual rings of trees of the same species that had grown in the shallow hard soil of exposed hill-sides. And this one specimen furnishes curious evidence that the often-marked but little understood law, which gives us our better and worse seasons in alternate groups, various in number and uncertain in their time of recurrence, obtained as early as the age of the colite. The rings follow each other in groups of lesser and larger breadth. One group of four rings measures an inch and a quarter across, while an adjoining group of five rings measures only five-eighths parts; and in a breadth of six inches there occur five of these alternate groups. For some four or five years together, when this pine was a living tree, the springs were late and cold, and the summers cloudy and chill, as in that group of seasons which intervened between 1835 and 1841; and then for four or five years more springs were early and summers genial, as in the after group of 1842, 1843, and 1844. An arrangement in nature—first observed, as we learn from Bacon, by the people of the Low Countries, and which has since formed the basis of meteoric tables, and of predictions, and elaborate cycles of the weather—bound together the twelvemonths of the oolitic period in alternate bundles of better and worse: vegetation thrrove vigorously during the summers of one group, and languished in those of another in a state of partial development.”

Captain Osborne, in his work entitled *The Court and Camp of Runjeet Singh*, gives an account of a Fakir who professed to have an extraordinary power of suspending animation in his body for a great length of time, during which he allowed himself to be kept in a burial vault, apart from all supply of air and food. ‘The monotony of our camp life,’ he says, ‘was broken this morning by the arrival of a very celebrated character in the Punjab, a person we had all expressed great anxiety to see, and whom the Maha-Rajah had ordered over from Umritser on purpose. He is a fakir by name, and is held in extraordinary respect by the Sikhs, from his alleged capacity of being able to bury himself alive for any period of time. So many stories were current on the subject, and so many respectable individuals maintained the truth of these stories, that we all felt curious to see him. He professes to have been following this trade, if so it may be called, for some years, and a considerable time ago several extracts from the letters of individuals who had seen the man in the Upper Provinces, appeared in the Calcutta papers, giving some account of his extraordinary powers, which were at the time, naturally enough, looked upon as mere attempts at a hoax upon the inhabitants of Calcutta. Captain Wade, political agent at Ludhiana, told me that he was present at his resurrection after an interment of some months; General Ventura having buried him in the presence of the Maha-Rajah and many of his principal sirdars; and, as far as I can recollect, these were the particulars as witnessed by General Ventura:—After going through a regular course of preparation, which occupied him seven days, and the details of which are too disgusting to dilate upon, the fakir reported himself ready for interment in a vault which had been prepared for the purpose by order of the Maha-Rajah. On the appearance of Runjeet and his court, he proceeded to the final preparations that were necessary in their presence, and after stopping with wax his ears and nostrils, he was stripped and placed in a linen bag; and the last preparation concluded by turning his tongue forwards, and thus closing the gullet, he immediately died away in a kind of lethargy. The bag was then closed, and sealed with Runjeet’s seal, and afterwards placed in a small deal box, which was also locked and sealed. The box was then placed in a vault, the earth thrown in and trod down, and a crop of barley sown over the spot, and sentries placed round it. The Maha-Rajah was, however, very sceptical on the subject, and twice in the course of the ten months he remained under ground, sent people to dig him up, when he was found to be in exactly the same position, and in a state of perfectly suspended animation. At the termination of the ten months, Captain Wade accompanied the Maha-Rajah to see him disinterred, and states that he examined him personally and minutely, and was convinced that all animation was perfectly suspended. He saw the locks opened and the seals broken by the Maha-Raja, and the box brought into the open air. The man was then taken out, and on feeling his wrist and heart, not the slightest pulsation was perceptible. The first thing to

wards restoring him to life was the forcing his tongue back to its proper position, which was done with some little difficulty by a person inserting his finger and forcibly pulling it back, and continuing to hold it until it gradually resumed its natural place. Captain Wade described the top of his head to have been considerably heated; but all other parts of the body cool and healthy in appearance. Pouring a quantity of warm water upon him constitutes the only further measures for his restoration, and in two hours' time he is as well as ever.

'On my return to Simla, accident placed in my hands the appendix to a medical topography of Ludhiana, by Dr Macgregor of the horse artillery, by whose permission I have extracted the following account of the former interments and resurrections of the fakir:—A fakir who arrived at Lahore engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, and without either food or drink. Runjeet naturally disbelieved the man's assertions, and was determined to put them to the test. For this purpose the fakir was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the middle of the ground: there was a folding door to his box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment, there was the garden-house, the door of which was likewise locked, and outside the whole a high wall, having its doorway built up with bricks and mud. In order to prevent any one from approaching the place, a line of sentries was placed and relieved at regular intervals. The strictest watch was kept up for the space of forty days and forty nights, at the expiration of which period the Maha-Raja, attended by his grandson and several of his sirdars, as well as General Venture, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded to disinter the fakir. The bricks and mud were removed from the outer doorway; and the door of the garden-house was next unlocked; and lastly, that of the wooden box containing the fakir: the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture; his legs and arms were pressed to his sides, his legs and thighs crossed. The first step of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this a hot cake of otta (wheat flour) was placed on the crown of his head; a plug of wax was next removed from one of his nostrils, and on this being done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, which had been closely applied to the roof of the mouth, brought forward, and both it and the lips anointed with ghee (clarified butter). During this part of the proceeding, I could not feel any pulsation at the wrist, though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eyelids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little ghee was applied to the latter; the eyeballs presented a dim suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation; the pulse became perceptible at the wrist, whilst the unnatural temperature of the body rapidly diminished. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low and feeble as to render them inaudible. By and by his speech was re-established, and he recognised some of the bystanders, and addressed the Maha-Raja, who was seated opposite to him watching all his movements. When the fakir was able to converse, the completion of thefeat was announced by the discharge of guns and other demonstrations of joy. A rich chain of gold was placed round his neck by Runjeet, and ear-rings, baubles, and shawls were presented to him. However extraordinary this fact may appear, both to the Europeans and natives, it is difficult, if not impossible, to explain it on physiological principles. The man not only denied his having tasted food or drink, but even maintained that he had stopped the function of respiration during a period of forty days and nights. To all appearance this long fasting had not been productive of its usual effects, as the man seemed to be in rude health, so that digestion and assimilation had apparently proceeded in the usual manner; but this he likewise denied, and plausibly asserted, that during the whole time he had enjoyed a most delightful trance. It is well known that the natives of Hindooostan, by constant practice, can bring themselves to exist on the smallest portion of food for several days; and it is equally true that, by long training, the same people are able to retain the air in their lungs for some minutes; but how the functions of digestion and respiration could be arrested for such a length of time, appears unaccountable. The concealment of the fakir during the

performance of hisfeat, so far from rendering the latter more wonderful, serves but to hide the means he employs for its accomplishment, and until he can be persuaded to undergo the confinement in a place where his actions may be observed, it is needless to form any conjectures regarding them.'

### THE FEARLESS DE COURCY.

[The following is a specimen of *Lays and Ballads from Old English History* (London, James Burns, 1845), a beautifully embellished little volume of original poetry, professedly 'by S. M.' and dedicated 'to seven dear children, for whose amusement the verses were originally written.' Generally speaking, history in a versified shape is miserable trash; but here we have something very different; and we shall be much surprised if this volume does not long maintain a place amongst the parlour-window favourites of the young. The ballads are not only charmingly written, as far as mere literary art is concerned, but have, besides, a life-like spirit, and a tone of high imaginative feeling, which are peculiarly their own.]

The fame of the fearless De Courcy

Is boundless as the air;  
With his own right hand he won the land.  
Of Ulster, green and fair!  
But he lieth low in a dungeon now,  
Powerless, in proud despair;  
For false King John hath cast him in,  
And closely chained him there.

The noble knight was weary  
At morn, and eve, and noon;  
For chilly bright seemed dawn's soft light,  
And icily shone the moon;  
No gleaming mail gave back the rays  
Of the dim unfriendly sky,  
And the proud free stars disdainful gazed  
Through his lattice, barred and high.

But when the trumpet-note of war  
Rang through his narrow room,  
Telling of banners streaming far,  
Of knight, and steed, and plume;  
Of the wild *miles*, and the sabro's clash,  
How would his spirit bound!  
Yet ever after the lightning's flash,  
Night closeth darker round.

Down would he sink on the floor again,  
Like the pilgrim who sinks on some desert plain,  
Even while his thirsting ear can trace  
The hum of distant streams;  
Or the maimed hound, who hears the chase  
Sweep past him in his dreams.

The false king sat on his throne of state,  
'Mid knights and nobles free;  
'Who is there,' he cried, 'who will cross the tide,  
And do battle in France for me?  
There is cast on mine honour a fearful stain,  
The death of the boy who ruled Bretagne;'  
And the monarch of France, my bold suzerain,  
Hath bidden a champion for me appear,  
My fame from this darkening blot to clear.  
Speak—is your silence the silence of fear,  
My knights and my nobles? Frowning and pale  
Your faces grow as I tell my tale!  
Is there not one of this knightly ring,  
Who dares do battle for his king?

The warriors they heard, but they spoke not a word;  
The earth some gazed upon;  
And some did raise a steadfast gaze

To the face of false King John.  
Think ye they feared? They were Englishmen all,  
Though mutely they sat in their monarch's hall;  
The heroes of many a well-fought day,  
Who loved the sound of a gathering fray,  
Even as the lonely shepherd loves  
The herds' soft bell in the mountain-groves.  
Why were they silent? There was not one  
Who could try the word of false King John;  
And their cheeks grew pallid as they thought  
On the deed of blood by his base hand wrought;  
Pale, with a brave heart's generous fear,  
When forced a tale of shame to hear.

'Twas a coward whiteness then did chase  
The glow of shame from the false king's face;  
And he turned aside, in booted pride,  
That witness of his guilt to hide;  
Yet every heart around him there,  
Witness against him more strongly bare!

\* Prince Arthur of Brittany, whose melancholy fate has been too often the theme of song and story to require notice here.

Oh, out then spake the beauteous queen :\*

"A captive lord I know,  
Whose loyal heart hath over been  
Eager to meet the foe ;  
Were true De Courcy here this day,  
Free'd from his galling chain,  
Never, oh never should scoffers say,  
That amid all England's rank and might,  
Their king had sought him a loyal knight,  
And sought such knight in vain !"  
Up started the monarch, and cleared his brow,  
And bade them summon De Courcy now.  
Swiftly his messengers hasten away,  
And sought the cull where the hero lay ;  
They bade him arise at his master's call,  
And follow their steps to the stately hall.  
He is brought before the council—  
There are chains upon his hands ;  
With his silver hair, that aged knight,  
Like a rock o'erhung with foam-wreaths white,  
Proudly and calmly stands.  
He gazes on the monarch  
With stern and star-like eye ;  
And the compact muse and marvel much,  
That the light of the old man's eye is such,  
After long captivity.  
His fetters hang upon him  
Like an unheeded thing ;  
Or like a robe of purple worn  
With graceful and indifferent scorn  
By some great-hearted king.  
And strange it was to witness  
How the false king looked aside ;  
For he dared not meet his captive's eye !  
Thus ever the spirit's royalty  
Is greater than pomp and pride !

The false king spake to his squires around,  
And his lifted voice had an angry sound :  
" Strike ye the chains from each knightly limb !  
Who was so bold as to fetter him ?  
Warrior, believe me, no host of mine  
Bade them fetter a form like thine ;  
Thy sovereign kneweth thy fault too well."  
He paused, and a cloud on his dark brow fell ;  
For the knight still gazed upon him,  
And his eye was like a star ;  
And the words on the lips of the false king died,  
Like the murmuring sounds of an ebbing tide  
By the traveller heard afar.

From the warrior's form they loosed the chain ;  
His face was lighted with calm disdain ;  
Nor cheek, nor lip, nor eye gave token  
E'en that he knew his chains were broken.  
He spoke—no music, loud or clear,  
Was in the voice of the gray-haired knight ;  
But a low stern sound, like that ye hear  
In the mouth of a mail-clad host by night.  
" Brother of Cercle de Lion," said he,  
" These chains have not dismououred me !  
There was crushing scorn in each simple word,  
Mightier than battle-axe or sword.

Not long did the heart of the false king thrill  
To the touch of passing shame,  
For it was hard, and mean, and chill ;  
As breezes sweep o'er a frozen rill,  
Leaving it cold and unbroken still,  
That feeling went and came ;  
And now to the knight he made reply,  
Pleading his cause right craftily ;  
Skilled was his tongue in specious use  
Of promise fair and of feigned excuse,  
Blended with words of strong appeal  
To love of fame and to loyal men.  
At length he ceased ; and every eye  
Gazed on De Courcy wistfully.  
" Speak ! " cried the king in that fearful pause ;  
" Wilt thou not champion thy monarch's cause ?"  
The old knight struck his foot on the ground,  
Like a war-horse hearing the trumpet sound ;  
And he spake with a voice of thunder,  
Solemn and fierce in tone,  
Waving his hand to the stately band  
Who stood by the monarch's throne,  
As a warrior might wave his flashing glaive  
When cheering his squadrons on :  
" I will fight for the honour of England,  
Though not for false King John ! "

He turned and strode from the lofty hall,  
Nor seemed to hear the sudden cheer  
Which burst, as he spake, from the lips of all.

\* Isabella of Angoulême, wife to King John, celebrated for her beauty and high spirit.

And when he stood in the air without,  
He paused as if in joyful doubt ;  
To the forests green and the wide blue sky  
Stretching his arms embracingly,  
With stately tread and uplifted head,  
As a good steed tosses back his mane  
When they loose his neck from the servile rein ;  
Ye know not, ye who are always free,  
How precious a thing is liberty.

" O world ! " he cried ; " sky, river, hill,  
Ye wear the garments of beauty still ;  
How have ye kept your youth so fair ?  
While age has whitened this hoary hair ?  
But when the squire, who watched his lord,  
Gave to his hand his ancient sword,  
The life he pressed to his eager breast,

Like one who a long-lost friend hath met ;  
And joyously said, as he kissed the blade,  
" Methinks there is youth in my spirit yet.  
For France ! for France ! o'er the waters blue ;  
False king—dear land—adieu, adieu !"

He hath crossed the boomer ocean,  
On the shore he plants his lance ;  
And he sends his daring challenge  
Into the heart of France :  
" Lo, here I stand for England,  
Queen of the silver man !  
To guard her fame and to cleanse her name  
From slander's darkening stain !  
Advance, advance ! ye knights of France,  
Give answer to my call ;  
Lo ! here I stand for England,  
And I defy ye all !

From the east and the north came champions forth—  
They came in a knightly crowd ;  
From the south and the west each generous breast  
Throbbed at that summons proud.  
But though brave was each lord, and keen each sword,  
No warrior could withstand  
The strength of the hero-spirit  
Which nerved that old man's hand.  
He is conqueror in the battle—  
He hath won the wreath of bay ;  
To the shining crown of his fair renown  
He hath added another ray ;  
He hath drawn his sword for England ;  
He hath fought for her spotless name ;  
And the isle resounds to her farthest bounds  
With her gray-haired hero's fame.  
In the ears of the craven monarch,  
Oft must this burthen ring—  
" Though the crown be thine and the royal line,  
He is in heart thy king !"

So they gave this graceful honour

To the bold De Courcy's race,

That they ever should dare their helms to wear

Before the king's own face :

And the sons of that line of heroes

To this day their right assume ;

For, when every head is unbонeted,†

They walk in cap and plume !

#### ZINC RINGS FOR RHEUMATISM.

We find the following sensible note in a recent number of the Agricultural Gazette :—Galvanic rings are not of any more ascertained efficacy than metallic tractors, horse-shoe magnets, and the thousand-and-one humbugs that profess to afford relief to suffering humanity. The galvanic rings consist merely of a copper and zinc plate formed into a ring. The galvanic action of these metals, when the circle is completed by means of the moist skin, must be exceedingly small, and certainly not enough to produce an effect upon the diseased tissues of the body. In some cases they may have afforded relief, by diverting the attention of the patient from his disease to the remedy. It is, however, most probable, when persons get well after wearing them, that, like the king's touch for the evil, the cure was rather a coincidence than a consequence. The sellers of them assert that they can do no harm if they do no good. This is not altogether true. A medical friend of ours was called in the other day to a poor man who had worn one of these rings for rheumatism, and found his finger swollen and inflamed ; so that in this case much unnecessary pain—and the loss of a week's wages we presume—was the result of the experiment.

\* The reader of German will here recognise an exquisite stanza from Uhland, very inadequately rendered.

† The present representative of the house of De Courcy is Lord Kinloss.

## TUNNELLING BY THE ROMANS.

The following extraordinary account is set forth in a letter from Marseilles in the *Débats*:—There has been long known, or believed to exist at Marseilles, a tunnel or submarine passage passing from the ancient abbey of St Victoire, running under the arm of the sea, which is covered with ships, and coming out under a tower of Fort Saint-Nicolas. Many projects for exploring this passage have been entertained, but hitherto no one has been found sufficiently bold to persevere in it. M. Joyland, of the Ponts-et-Chaussées, and M. Matayras, an architect, have, however, not only undertaken, but accomplished this task. Accompanied by some friends and a number of labourers, they went a few days ago to the abbey, and descended the numerous steps that lead to the entrance of the passage. Here they were the first day stopped by heaps of the ruins of the abbey. Two days afterwards, however, they were able to clear their way to the other end, and came out at Fort Saint-Nicolas, after working two hours and twenty minutes. The structure, which is considered to be Roman, is in such excellent condition, that in order to put it into complete repair, a cost of no more than 500,000 francs will be required; but a much larger outlay will be wanted to render it serviceable for modern purposes. This tunnel is deemed much finer than that of London, being formed of one single vault of sixty feet span, and one-fourth longer.

## A FACT FOR TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES.

One vulgar argument in favour of spirituous liquor is, that in winter it 'keeps out the cold.' That it creates for a short time an excitement productive of heat, there is no doubt; but when its short-lived influence has passed away, a reaction takes place, which causes the drinker to be infinitely colder than he would have been without it. In proof that people can get on without spirits in the most frigid parts of the world, we may instance a case mentioned in the third volume of Lord Monboddo's Ancient Metaphysics:—A gentleman named Andrew Graham, set out from Severn River (latitude 56° 10' north), in Hudson's Bay, in the depth of the winter of 1773, and travelled to Churchill River—a distance of 350 miles—without tasting spirits or sleeping under a roof. He was accompanied by three Europeans, six native Americans, and four Newfoundland dogs, who pulled in a sledge their luggage, consisting of beaver and blanket coverings, biscuit, bacon, flour, but no wine, beer, or other spirituous liquors; which Mr Graham did not choose to carry with him, because he knew his attendants would never be quiet till he had drunk them all. Their drink was melted snow. They all arrived—after twenty days' exposure to the most severely cold climate in the world—at the end of their journey in perfect health; and Mr Graham says he never enjoyed his food nor ever slept better in his life. This anecdote is fatal to the supposition that alcohol is necessary to cold climates, as many suppose.

## A SCOTCH MUSSULMAN.

Osman's history is a curious one. He was a Scotchman born, and when very young, being then a drummer-boy, he landed in Egypt with Mackenzie Fraser's force. He was taken prisoner, and, according to Mohammedan custom, the alternative of death or the Koran was offered to him. He did not choose death, and therefore went through the ceremonies which were necessary for turning him into a good Mohammedan. But what amused me most in his history was this, that, very soon after having embraced Islam, he was obliged in practice to become curious and discriminating in his new faith, to make war upon Mohammedan dissenters, and follow the orthodox standard of the prophet in fierce campaigns against the Wahabees, who are the Unitarians of the Mussulman world. The Wahabees were crushed, and Osman, returning home in triumph from his holy war, began to flourish in the world: he acquired property, and became effendi, or gentleman. At the time of my visit to Cairo, he seemed to be much respected by his brother Mohammedans, and gave pledge of his sincere alienation from Christianity by keeping a couple of wives. He affected the same sort of reserve in mentioning them as is generally shown by Orientals. He invited me, indeed, to see his harem, but he made both his wives bundle out before I was admitted. He felt, as it seemed to me, that neither of them would bear criticism; and I think that this idea, rather than any motive of sincere jealousy, induced him to keep them out of sight. The rooms of the harem reminded me of an English nursery rather than of a

Mohammedan paradise. One is apt to judge of a woman, before one sees her, by the air of elegance or coarseness with which she surrounds her house. I judged Osman's wives by this test, and condemned them both. But the strangest feature in Osman's character was his inextinguishable nationality. In vain they had brought him over the sea in early boyhood; in vain had he suffered captivity and conversion; in vain they had passed him through fire in their Arabian campaigns; they could not cut away or burn out poor Osman's inborn love of all that was Scotch; in vain men called him effendi; in vain he swept along in eastern robes; in vain the rival wives adorned his harem. The joy of his heart still plainly lay in this, that he had three shelves of books, and that the books were thorough-bred Scotch—the Edinburgh this, the Edinburgh that; and, above all, I recollect he prided himself upon the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library.'—*Traces of Travel.*

## RESULTS OF A LITTLE NEGLECT.

I was once, in the country, a witness of the numberless minute losses that negligence in household regulation entails. For want of a trumpery latch, the gate of the poultry yard was for ever open; there being no means of closing it externally, 'twas on the swing every time a person went out, and many of the poultry were lost in consequence. One day a fine young porker made his escape into the wood, and the whole family, gardener, cook, milkmaid, &c. presently turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the object of pursuit, and, in leaping a ditch to cut off his further escape, got a sprain that confined him to his bed for the next fortnight; the cook found the linen burnt that she had left hung up before the fire to dry; and the milkmaid having forgotten in her haste to tie up the cattle properly in the cow-house, one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt that happened to be kept in the same shed. The linen burnt and the gardener's work lost were worth full twenty crowns, and the colt about as much more; so that here was a loss in a few minutes of forty crowns, purely for want of a latch that might have cost a few halfpence at the utmost; and this in a household where the strictest economy was necessary; to say nothing of the poor man, or the anxiety and other troublesome incidents. The misfortune was, to be sure, not very serious, nor the loss very heavy; yet when it is considered that similar neglect was the occasion of repeated disasters of the same kind, and ultimately the ruin of a worthy family, 'twas deserving of some little attention.—*From the French.*

## PERSEVERANCE.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the irresistible force of perseverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.—*Dr Johnson.*

## HUMANITY.

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appetains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active measures to execute the actions which it suggests.—*Charles James Fox.*

## RICHES.

If men were content to grow rich somewhat more slowly, they would grow rich much more surely. If they would use their capital within reasonable limits, and transact with it only so much business as it could fairly control, they would be far less liable to lose it. Excessive profits always involve the liability of great risks, as in a lottery, in which, if there are high prizes, there must be a great proportion of blanks.—*Wayland.*

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